

Good Morning 400

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Brooch is Betty's Pin-up, A.B. Sam Reek

PICTORIAL proof that A/B Sam Reek's girl friend has received the submarine brooch that he fashioned and sent to her. "My only decoration," Betty told us when we visited her at Union Street, Stockport. "Father strengthened the clasp for me. I should hate to lose it."

It's Betty's pin-up and the picture can be Sam's. From Union Street come greetings also from Betty's mother, grandpa and "Carrot-top" sister.

Old Masters Listen to Bar Radio

IN 1683 the King's Arms, Hoddesdon, or, as it was, and is still called, Rye House Hotel, was a solitary inn, at which travellers stopped for victuals and wine.

In 1943 the inn still stands alone, but no longer is it remote, and no longer is it the haunt of Royalty and highwaymen. Now it is frequented by Londoners en route for the coast, and trippers who gaze with reverence on the oil paintings of noblemen and noblewomen of two hundred years ago.

Between the two dates there was to be found in this famous Hertfordshire inn an abundance of history, crime and romance.

The story is told in the scrap-book kept by the landlord, Dick Case, the international speedway star.

It is believed that the foundations date from 1300. The names of Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield and Lady Salisbury have been in later years closely associated with the inn.

During the summer of 1683 a plot was formed to seize and kill King Charles II there on his return from Newmarket races. It was his habit to call a halt at the inn, but His Majesty was called urgently to London by another route, and the plot failed. The conspirators were eventually brought to trial.

IN A BIG WAY.

The following century provides little interest, and it is not until 1800, when the inn became noted for its large-scale catering, that the scrap-

Stank to Heaven Dropped to Hell

Stuart Martin tells
'What Criminal Forgot

HE was a dirty little skunk, a man who bought and sold the lives of criminals. He was called the Thief-Taker General of Great Britain and Ireland. He acted as a go-between with the Law on one side and wrongdoers on the other.

And then, ultimately, the Law turned on him and hanged him.

His name was Jonathan Wild. He was little and lame. He lived by taking blood-money for betraying his friends to the Law. He betrayed the Law. Like Judas, he finally betrayed himself. One of his last spoken sentences was: "I forgot to train Blueskin like the others."

Blueskin was the nickname given to Joseph Blake, an associate of Jack Sheppard, and it was Wild who set Blake on the criminal path that led to the gallows.

Wild was a native of Wolverhampton, the eldest of five children of a respectable carpenter. He was born in 1682, married at 22, became a father, and moved to London as manservant to a lawyer. By trade he was a buckle-maker. He left his wife and child at Wolverhampton, and dived into the swirl of "life" that surged around taverns.

As a result he got into debt and was given a spell in prison. Now, prison in those days was not a bit like prison to-day. Wild was confined with debased persons of both sexes, and the conditions were natural for the growth of vice.

But this little beast was cunning. He was no beauty, but he could insinuate himself into the good books of the keepers, and was allowed to run errands, so that he got a little money. In the prison he formed an intimacy with a woman called Mary Milliner. She was a professional prostitute and thief, and when they were released they set up a brothel together.

Later, Wild became tenant of an alehouse in Cock Alley, Cripplegate. There Wild began to give "advice" to

those who frequented the alehouse. He made profit out of their crimes.

Then he parted with Mary Milliner and took Betty Mann, and, after her, others. One of them was Judith Nunn, whose husband had been betrayed by Wild and died on the gallows.

This little rat, Wild, who has actually been called "great" by one of his chroniclers, began to develop a double-handed business. He arranged for burglaries to take place, then went to the victims and arranged for them to pay money for the return of their goods, and posed as their benefactor.

He went to the City Marshal, one Charles Hitchins, and made a deal with him. In time he became known as the one man in London who could recover stolen property, and his business was so flourishing that he opened an office and kept books!

He kept faith with nobody—unless it paid him. He moved his office to premises near the Old Bailey, "so as to be handy for trials." He opened a branch office. Rivals sprang up, but Wild held his position. The official "thief-taker."

If a thief opposed his bleeding methods, the thief went to the scaffold. In fifteen years he betrayed over 120 to "justice." And the Law recognised him.

The blood of these 120 cried out for revenge. One of the men he got caught was Blueskin, who had carried out a highway robbery at Wild's suggestion. Blueskin (Blake) had often acted on Wild's suggestions, and this time he appealed to Wild to get him free, as usual.

But Wild had had enough of Blueskin. The latter was getting "too independent," and Wild, visiting him in prison, recommended him to "repentance." This enraged Blueskin, who demanded that Wild should arrange his freedom. Wild hedged, still talking of "repentance," and Blueskin saw that he was to be sacrificed.

He whipped out a knife and attacked Wild, cutting his throat so badly that it was thought Wild would die. Blueskin was overpowered by warders.

Wild didn't die. It was Blueskin who died on the gallows. But it was Blueskin after all who brought Wild to the same fate.

By this time there were others who wanted Wild dead. There were murmurings among the criminals at large. Wild got scared. "I forgot Blueskin," he kept repeating.

He had managed to hand over to "justice" the celebrated Captain Roger Johnson, smuggler. The skipper was condemned to death. Wild organised a riot, under cover of which Johnson was to escape. But somebody had warned the authorities.

Johnson did not escape, and the authorities, who had placed so much reliance on Jonathan Wild, issued a warrant for his arrest for trying to diddle them out of their prisoner.

They got him, too, before he had time to move. They charged him with being concerned in burglaries and thefts, in trying to procure the escape of a felon, and in assisting thieves to dispose of their booty.

They held him while they gathered in plenty of highwaymen, burglars, pickpockets, and men returned from transportation, all glad to give evidence against him.

The two main indictments referred to a theft of £40 worth of lace from a shop, and of Wild receiving ten guineas for



helping the shopkeeper to recover the lace.

Wild's lawyer—he had the best he could get—objected to the charges, because, he argued, Wild never entered the shop, and therefore was not, in fact, the thief.

The Court ruled that if a man stands by and sees a theft, he is accessory, and that Wild, in taking the ten guineas, proved that he knew the theft was to be committed.

Evidence was given to show that Wild had received the lace, had taken it to his house, and then had approached the shopkeeper to see how much she would pay for its return. And when she got it back she found that one piece of lace was missing.

He was found guilty and condemned to death. While waiting for the execution he declined to attend church service, saying he was lame and in bad health. He said he "wanted to keep the other prisoners in order in prison."

On the morning of his execution he tried to commit suicide by emptying a bottleful of laudanum down his throat. Even here he defeated himself. For he swallowed so much that it merely made him sick.

He seemed hardly awake when he was put into the cart for Tyburn. On the way he was treated to yells of execration from the crowds. They reminded him of Blueskin's betrayal. They taunted him with murdering Blueskin, until the name brought back his slumbering senses. He started up, crying, "Blueskin! I forgot Blueskin!"

Now that he was awake the crowd pelted him with filth and garbage. Friends of the late highwayman yelled at Wild that Blueskin was waiting for him after death. That made Wild shiver.

When the cart stopped at the execution ground the

people were so afraid that Wild would escape that they roared to the hangman to "turn him off" first. There were two others to be "turned off." The hangman at first did not pay attention to the clamour, but when the audience shouted that they would "knock his head off" if he didn't attend to Wild first, he hastened to agree.

He left the other two culprits and put the rope around Wild's neck. The cart was driven away and Jonathan Wild was left dangling, and kicking at the end of the noose. He died to the shouts of his enemies.

I have no evidence, of course, whether he met Blueskin in that bourne from which no traveller returns. It is at least possible; but so far as this world is concerned that was the end of Jonathan Wild, the limping rascal... but no, not quite the end.

During the whole of his degraded career Betty Mann had remained faithful to him. She was there at the execution, and she applied for his body when it was cut down.

She carted it away and buried it in a neighbouring cemetery. And you'd have thought that was the end at last. But it wasn't.

Not yet. Wild's grave was rifled, and the body stolen. Nobody ever knew who stole it, but some time later his skeleton appeared in a side-show, which took much money because the people wanted to have a look at it since the proprietor guaranteed that this was really the skeleton of Jonathan Wild.

It seems to have been a very successful skeleton. As late as 1860 there was a booth in London where the skeleton was exhibited to gaping crowds. But nobody knows where the skeleton is now. And nobody cares. Not even, perhaps, Blueskin.

Short Odd—But True

Joseph Conrad was a sailor before he became a novelist. He was a Pole, but wrote his books in English.

It was "my Uncle Toby," the eccentric retired officer in Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," who used to whistle Lillibulero.

Fortune tellers use the tarot playing card. There are 78 in a pack, of which 22 are trumps.

The spire of Chesterfield Church, Derbyshire, has grown twisted as a result of being made with unseasoned wood.

Dutch Army bicycle regiments before the war had their mounted bands, equipped with drums, flutes, saxophones, and other brass instruments. The bandsmen steered their cycles with the elbow, for which a special rest was attached to the handlebars.

A Middle West American who cut his hand while lopping clumps of creeping-jenny found that the bleeding stopped when the wound came in contact with the severed roots.

Mussolini, 1911: "Those who think that preponderance of militarism is a sign of strength are wrong. Strong nations do not have to descend to the sort of insane carnival in which Italians are indulging today."

The sun is sixteen minutes behind clock-time in November.

Great-granddaughter of Gus Mara, Fijian cannibal chief, Miss Visaca Mara gained her wings under the Air Training Scheme.

Japan claims that her Chrysanthemum Flag is as old as her present dynasty, 2,600 years.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Ron Richards

"I SAW HIM—DEAD"

PART 14

THE moment Burton left me, I rang Miss Lockwood, and to my intense relief she answered. Her voice sounded untellably weary, and when I said that I was coming round at once, at first she refused to see me.

"I simply can't see you tonight, Arnold," she said. "I've only just got in, and I've had a sheer hell of a day. I'm worn out."

But I persisted. I told her how sorry I was, but that my business was of the utmost importance, and when with obvious reluctance she weakened and asked what it was about, I said bluntly, "Ivor."

I heard her give a queer choking gasp, almost of despair, and I added quickly, "I shall be round in five minutes." Then I went to my car.

She let me in to her cottage, and I was shocked when I saw her. She looked old and distraught; there were lines about her eyes that I had never seen before; her lips were tightly compressed, and she greeted me with the one word "Well?" uttered in a bitter, defiant tone. I feared I was in for trouble.

No one on earth could make her tell what she knew if she were determined not to. And then I told her the whole story.

I made no suggestion that she knew anything of it. I ignored her denial that she had seen Harborborough attacked by Ivor by the boathouse. I told her without comment that Palmer's writing had been taken from his pocket. I told her of Connor, I told her that she had been seeing Ivor at Croft's cottage that evening, and she winced at that, and I finished by telling her that Harborborough was

supposed to have tried to commit suicide, of my recent talk with Burton, and that a warrant for Harborborough's arrest would be issued to-morrow.

When I had finished she threw at me again that defiant, "Well?" and I answered, "That's all, Beth. I wanted you to know."

"Oh, my God!" she said almost in a whisper; then, "Ivor didn't do it."

"Philip Harborborough didn't do it, but maybe they'll hang him," I said.

At length she spoke again. "Very well," she said. "Help me, if you can. But I doubt if you or anyone can now." She gave a hard rasping laugh. "What do they do to accessories—that's what you call them don't you?"

I exclaimed, alarmed by her words and her manner, "For God's sake don't say that, Beth!"

"But it's true," she went on wildly. "I saw him, old Harborborough, on the beach that night. He was dead. He was in the surf, rolling about." Her voice dropped to a dull monotone. "I tried to pull him out, but I couldn't, not far enough. It was ghastly, Arnold. And there was blood on my hands. He looked so dreadful in the moonlight—so limp, so dead. And he was so heavy—"

"For God's sake, Beth, pull yourself together," I interrupted, for I feared from a frantic note in her voice that she was going to crash. "Tell me now, quietly; why haven't you said anything about this before?"

"Because I thought Ivor had done it, and when I found out he didn't—it was too late," she answered more calmly, then with savage bitterness. "Don't think I was worrying about Ivor. I've got no illusions about him. I was thinking of myself—and the doctor. After all I've suffered from Ivor to be branded as the wife of a murderer—I couldn't, Arnold. I don't care what you think, I couldn't." She shuddered.

IT was an amazing and a frightening story. She told it without sequence, speaking in a low, expressionless voice, and as I pieced the thing together as she talked it came out to this.

Until the Tuesday, on the night of which Alban Harborborough was killed, she had no idea that Ivor was alive. Then, in the afternoon, Doctor Corby had come to her with a tale of tragedy.

Alban Harborborough had sent for him that morning and told him that his son was trying to blackmail him. Quite shamelessly Alban Harborborough had admitted his murky past, told of his association with Ivor in America, stated as a matter of course that he had nothing to fear from the police in England or America because he had served his last sentence, and that he wasn't going to be worried by Ivor.

Open Verdict By Richard Keverne

He had told Doctor Corby that if he couldn't stop his son's blackmailing efforts and get him out of the country, he, Harborborough, would not hesitate to send Ivor's blackmailing letters to the police and prosecute. The old man had said that he didn't give a damn about his reputation in Oldford; the place suited him, and he proposed to go on living there, and if Corby wanted to save a scandal he'd better deal with the matter himself.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Quite sure, now? You mean you really will take this woman—no kiddin'?"

Doctor Corby was shattered. Not only did he see his own good name gone, but John Corby's brilliant career ruined. Beth said he had appealed to Harborborough on those lines, but Alban Harborborough would not listen to him. Corby in despair had come to her, to beg her help.

"He was frantic; he was almost off his head with worry," she said. "He didn't seem able to think, or to have any idea what to do. He thought if I went and appealed to Ivor it might stop him. If I appealed to him! My God! I know Ivor too well." A bitter despondency broke the even monotone for a moment. "But I went. I thought we might bribe him. The doctor said he'd raise every penny he could to buy him off. But Ivor just laughed at me. He said old Harborborough had ten times his father's money, and he meant to have it. Then I told him that Mr. Harborborough was going to prosecute if he didn't stop, and he went mad. All the Corbys are a little mad, I think."

"Ivor raved. He cursed me, he cursed his father and he cursed Mr. Harborborough. He said we

were all in league against him. He was filthy, Arnold. I stood it as long as I could, then I lost my temper. I threatened him. I told him I was going straight back to Mr. Harborborough to tell him to start proceedings at once. I thought that might scare him, but it made him worse. He called Mr. Harborborough the foulest names, and said he'd kill him first. Then he went quiet all of a sudden. I've known him do that before."

She stopped, staring blankly ahead of her as though the memories of that incident still hurt.

"He said he'd think about it," she went on at length. "He told me to ask his father how much he'd give him to clear out, and I hoped I really had frightened him, but I was pretty sure he was only scheming something."

She continued with her story. She told me how relieved the doctor had been and how grateful he was to her. How, when he left, utterly exhausted and knowing that she could not sleep, she had gone out for one of her night walks. That was just about midnight.

Then came a revelation to me. She had met Alban Harborborough. She had seen him posting a letter at a box a couple of hundred yards from Eastwinds. She had passed him and walked on for a mile or more beyond the bungalow. She had returned more slowly by the beach, finding relief from her harassed mind in watching the breaking sea on the shingle, and there in the surf she had seen Alban Harborborough's body.

EVEN when she told me again of how she had pulled the body as far away from the surf as she could that dead monotone never varied. It was as if she were repeating some story learned by rote. She had hurried back to her house and telephoned again to the doctor, bidding him come at once, saying she was ill, and when he came she had confided her fears in him that Ivor had carried out his threat.

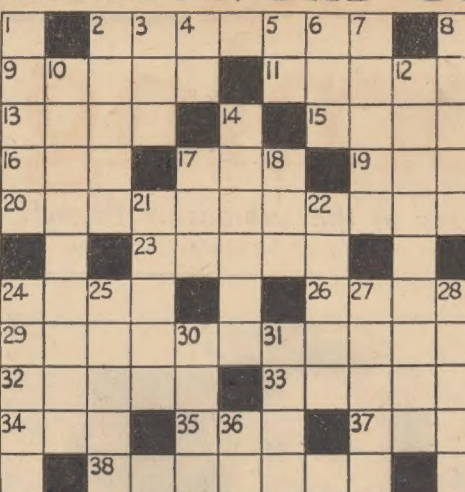
Corby, she said, was dazed by her news. He had gone off at once, forbidding her to go with him, for she had practically collapsed. He came back in half an hour to say that the body had been washed away. Then they had decided to say nothing.

"I know what you're going to say; we were conniving in murder. We ought to have denounced Ivor. That's not a pretty thing for his wife and his father to do, even if they both hate him. And if we had—Ivor has a perfect alibi."

Both Beth and the doctor were in a terribly serious position. I was not at all sure how the law stood on the point, but their crime was a grave one.

Beth began again. She told of her dismay and alarm when she heard that Alban Harborborough had been found; of her first determination to let matters take their course, then of an overwhelming horror that drove her

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.
2 Scotch game.
9 Shut.
11 Light.
13 Be very keen.
15 Valley.
16 Confection.
17 Smart blow.
19 Adversary.
23 Shadow.
24 File.
26 Rushed.
29 Formal statement.
32 Edible fungus.
33 Tail support.
34 For.
35 Decoration.
37 Bird.
38 Happy.

MAGENTA SAW
IBEX HITTER
NAME EMERGE
US ROW LAIN
TEETH PLUS
E M MOA S L
BUDS TASTE
POLE MEW HA
ARABLE ANON
RATTAT RISE
EXE PEDDLED

CLUES DOWN.
1 Bitterly pungent.
2 Envy.
3 Custom.
4 About.
5 Pronoun.
6 Incline.
7 Bud.
8 Go in curves.
10 That which tears.
12 Place for luggage.
14 Chess opening.
17 Edge.
18 Through.
21 Silver coin.
22 Trim.
24 Storms.
25 Sharpen.
27 Lubricated.
28 Boredom.
30 Blackthorn.
31 Animals.
36 Scholar.

against her judgment to get in touch with Ivor and accuse him of the murder.

Ivor Corby had been staying at the "Ship" under the name of Kent when she had first seen him. She had no idea of Palmer's complicity in the matter until I had told her. But when she telephoned to him again they said he had left. Later he rang her, and they met in the boat-house on the sea wall where Harborborough had been attacked. Ivor was wearing fisherman's costume and was jumpy and anxious. But he jeered at her when she accused him of murder, said that she and his father would love to see him hanged, but they were not to have that satisfaction. Then he produced his alibi.

That came as another surprise to me. Ivor had been at Corby's house from just before twelve on the night of the murder until one in the morning.

"Did the doctor know that?" I demanded in amazement.

"No," Beth said, "he was with Mildred; she hid him."

"Who says so?" I interrupted.

"Mildred. I asked her. I didn't believe it myself at first. She's always been fond of Ivor. I think it's because she has always hated John. She says Ivor never had a fair chance. The doctor was out on a case."

The doctor did not get back till after half past twelve, and by then Mildred had succeeded in pacifying Ivor. He had agreed to stay the night and see his father in the morning. Then soon after one the doctor had been called out again, and Ivor changed his mind and said he'd clear off.

She told me in staccato phrases how she had seen Ivor on the day of the inquest and found him more reasonable. He had said he would get out of the country if she could get five thousand pounds for him, and she had promised to get it. Then she had been drawn to the inquest. She said she was feeling immensely relieved until she heard Corby's evidence.

"And then, Arnold," she said, her voice almost hysterical, "I saw what he was trying to do. He was giving all that evidence to involve Ivor. He hated him so much. He must have been mad. He had told me he was going to say it was an accident. I didn't know what to do. Then I got hold of myself. I had to put up a good show. . . . I forced myself to do it. . . . to act like I did. . . . I knew I'd got to appear natural. . . . I made myself do it." Her words came more slowly. "I swore I'd seen Mr. Harborborough alive at two. That cleared Ivor absolutely. I thought it would stop the doctor and save the scandal, and—"

(To be continued)

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

So much damage can be done to vines and fruit by hailstorms that many societies exist on the Continent for hail protection. Discharges of artillery are kept up at threatening periods, and these usually have the effect of dispersing or warding off the hail.

In both Ireland and Scotland there are a number of Round Towers, some of considerable height, about which nothing is known except that they were built between the 6th and 12th centuries. It is supposed that they served some ecclesiastical purpose, but there is no proof of this.

WANGLING WORDS—341

1. Put part of a boot in SS and make some meals.
2. In the following first line of a popular song, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Het og lal wond dranst stel.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change MEND into TEAR and then back again into MEND, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the hidden country and its chief port in: New ale slakes your thirst, says the placard, if folk drink it.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 340

1. ChamBER.
2. Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me thy grey mare.
3. JILL, pill, pile, pale, pace, pack, JACK, lack, lace, dace, dale, hale, hall, hill, JILL.
4. Camp-I-on, Pans-y.

QUIZ for today

1. Waxwax is a kind of sealing-wax, card game, tendon, sweetmeat, bird?
2. Who wrote (a) The Inn Album, (b) An Innkeeper's Diary?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Butcher, Baker, Fishmonger, Ironmonger, Cheesemonger, Greengrocer.
4. What is the length of the Derby course at Epsom?
5. Of what are briar pipes made?
6. What is the duty on playing cards?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Toothsome, Transfuse, Torque, Tolerance, Titmouse, Trident, Theive, Ttivate?
8. If an Indian invited you to play pachisi, what would you expect to play with?
9. Camphor is the product of a mine, coal-tar, tree, olive oil, petroleum?
10. What road number is allocated to the Great North Road?
11. What is the Decalogue?
12. Name four American poets.

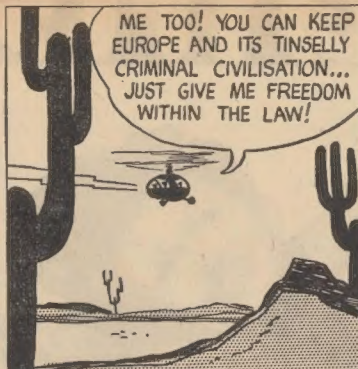
Answers to Quiz in No. 399

1. Stew.
2. (a) C. L. Anthony, (b) J. M. Barrie.
3. Dame is feminine; others are masculine.
4. Muckle Flugga, in the Shetlands.
5. A paddling of ducks.
6. The Pope.
7. Lyrical, Lacteal, Liquorice.
8. Middlesex, Hertfordshire, Kent, Surrey, and Essex.
9. "The London Chari-vari."
10. Padrine.
11. Six feet.
12. Albert, Bertram, Bertrand, Egbert, Herbert, Osbert.

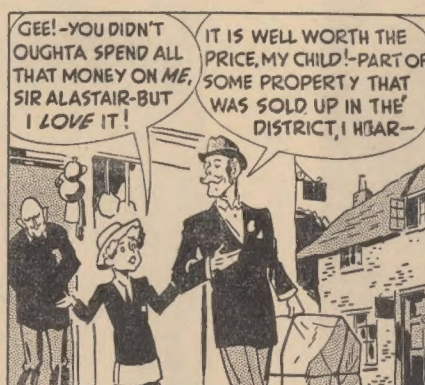
JANE



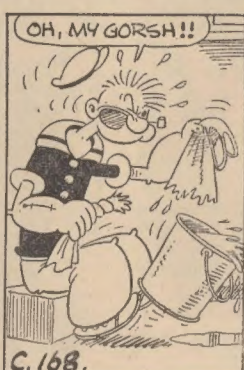
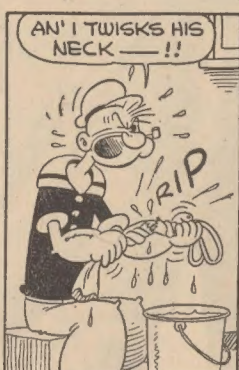
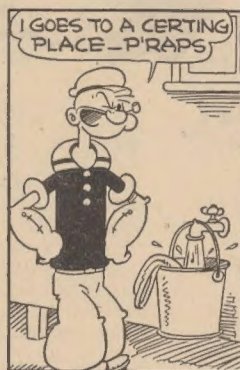
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Cover-Girls

By Dick Gordon

WHEN I saw Columbia's "Cover Girl," I wondered, as you will, about the cover girls who act as furniture.

Investigation shows that one way to celluloid stardom is via a magazine front page.

Among top-ranking film stars who began their professional careers as cover girls is Jean Arthur, who was a model for Howard Chandler Christy's most famous magazine cover portraits. Brunette Jinx Falkenburg has long been known as the most photogenic model in America, and has more magazine covers to her credit than any other girl.

Beautiful blonde Leslie Brooks started her modelling career as cover girl on detective magazines, in which she usually was shown holding a smoking pistol or a dagger dripping with gore.

Who are these girls? That's what I asked, and that's what you will be saying. So here are thumbnail sketches of the beautiful bevy.

New York's leading painters, writers and art directors met at the famous Stork Club to determine the "most typical Cosmopolitan Cover Girl" from among the eighteen beauties who had posed for Cosmopolitan Magazine's most popular covers—and the experts handed the palm to blonde, hazel-eyed BETTY JANE HESS, whose 5ft. 8 of loveliness sum up to 119 pounds in her prettiest clothes.

DUSTY ANDERSON had early ambitions to act, paint and decorate; went to Manhattan to design clothes; found it paid better to model. She has been on the covers of at least a dozen magazines of wide circulation. Columbia has now signed her to a picture contract.

DICKI, who votes under the impressive name of Cornelia Baekelandt von Hesser, has a lamb of a husband who urged her to take photo tests... with the result that her career has been crowned by selection as "typical Harper's Bazaar Cover Girl." The lovely Dicki's cornflower-blue eyes and brown hair give Technicolor a new meaning.

Fifteen-year-old ROSE MAY ROBSON first attracted attention when she won the £250 first prize offered by the New York Daily News in its "Beautiful Child" contest. McClelland Barclay, famed painter, met her, and launched her on the career which culminated in her being named "typical Women's Home Companion Cover Girl."

PEGGY LLOYD has at odd times given loving care to 15 turtles, a canary that hanged itself, and a cat; is a bargain-counter clothes buyer, but splurges on taxi-cabs; thinks eight hours' sleep is the best way to avoid rings under her eyes; if she were not a cover girl she would like to be a sketch artist.

CECILIA MEAGHER, wide-eyed brunette, is a pony by usual model standards, standing a mere 5ft. 3in. in her stockinged feet. However, she makes up for her lack of height by a great deal of verve and ability at posing. Naturally, she is posed to the greatest advantage in "Cover Girl."

FRANCINE COUNIHAN rose to fame and fortune via New York's famed Stork Club, where ad. and photo executives discovered her. One of the most popular models in the business, her career has just been crowned by the Editors of American Home Magazine as the "typical American Home Magazine Cover Girl."

KAREN X. GAYLORD entered a beauty contest, strictly as a gag, in 1942, and walked off with the title of "Miss Minnesota." Since then Karen has been named "typical Liberty Cover Girl"... and her flaming red hair has graced a colour spread on "How To Make The Most Of Red Hair."

SUSANN SHAW—and you'd better spell it with two n's and pronounce it by accenting the last syllable if you don't want to incur the wrath of this green-eyed, reddish-brown-haired lovely—is Vogue's representative among the fifteen Cover Girls. Chosen by the New York Printers' Association as "the most beautiful girl in print."

HELEN MUELLER and Harry Conover, whose pleasant function it is to discover models for magazine covers, were both waiting in the rain for a taxi. Helen let go the darndest two-finger whistle that Conover had ever heard. She got the taxi and a job.

B. J. GRAHAM (the B. is for Betty and the J. for Jane) confides that she was fired from her first job as a fur shop model because she wouldn't smile at the customers while she was walking around in the middle of July in a sealskin coat. She is one of the four cover girls put under long-term contract by Columbia.

EILEEN MCCLORY is Glamour magazine's contribution to "Cover Girl." She is a comic-strip fan, which is how she happened to start her modelling. Her "friend" remarked that Eileen didn't have the looks for even a comic strip. Eileen showed her—and how! Now she'll show the world!

Back in high school, JEAN COLLERAN'S blue eyes and honey-blond hair won her the title of "Venus in the Flesh." Later, as a receptionist at the New York World's Fair, a leading model agent saw these same charms and awarded her a modelling contract, an easy step to her selection by the editors as "typical American Magazine Cover Girl."

SEE PICTURES—BACK PAGE

Good
Morning

Cover Girls

Glamour and
romance in
Technicolor, the
opulence of
beauty and the
brilliance of
imagination.



Cecilia Meagher, cover girl, representing the American Magazine "Coronet."



Dicki, cover girl, represents the American magazine "Harper's Bazaar."



Rita Hayworth,
star
Columbia's
"Cover Girl."



Dusty Anderson, representing the American magazine "Farm Journal."



Susann Shaw, cover girl, representing American magazine "Vogue."



B. J. Graham represents the cover girl of the American magazine, "McCalls."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"What about
me!"

